

Marble Hill Press

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MARBLE HILL, MISSOURI

Get ready for a spring real estate boom.

Is there really such a thing as "slippery weather?"

Aeroplanes never get stalled in snowdrifts, anyway.

Thuggery has become a hazardous occupation in Chicago.

The inventor of the pay-as-you-enter car could not have been a smoker.

Uncle Sam's warships do no honor to the navy when they spend all night on shoals or mud banks.

That January thaw did not bring the hens to a melting mood. Eggs continue just as high as ever.

The best proof of high or low prices is found by the average man in his cash balance at the month's end.

The man who invented that phantom airship is a genius either for inventing or for weaving fairy tales.

If Halley's comet must strike the earth somewhere, we hope it will show a sense of discrimination and land in Nicaragua.

A whole village in Italy is sliding down the hill on which it was built. The coasting must be unusually fine in that locality.

It has just been discovered that the earth has existed only 60,000,000 years. And this country is just beginning to realize its full possibilities.

Pay as you enter and pay as you go are good rules to follow whether applied to street cars or any other service or want in the way of living.

The fact that eggs refused to countenance a further increase in price probably is due to the fact that age has lent them at least some modesty.

The latest cure for tuberculosis is rattlesnake venom. There does not seem to be the average individual much choice between the remedy and the disease.

While it is all right for a farmer to buy a motor car if he can afford it, he should not mortgage his farm in order to do so. It takes a fast motor to outrun a mortgage.

Unprecedented things are happening the world over. But do not get alarmed. Some things are just as before. For instance, a revolution is going on in Santo Domingo.

A man in New Jersey came near drowning in a tank in midair. Its citizens cannot even shuffle off this mortal coil in a conventional and usual way in that spectacular state.

When an aviator has his aeroplane pointed upward we see no reason why he should not keep on going. It would not be much worse to fall a mile than to fall half that distance.

From the way that war between Chinese Tongs in New York and elsewhere is raging it looks like a case of hammer and tongs. Cannot some one take a poker to the combatants?

China now wants railroads. The great wall between that empire and the civilized world is down at last. On the new railroads occidental ideas and institutions will be the principal part of the freight they will carry.

If, at the initiative of the United States, the world forms a general peace court, at which its differences can be arbitrated and arranged, it will be the greatest work a nation could ever perform. But its realization sounds too much like the establishment of an international millennium. It will require so many concessions from human nature to international politics.

The old story of the pitcher that goes too often to the well is told again in the case of that New York farmer killed a few days ago by an explosion of dynamite. He had been blowing out stumps, and left dynamite caps in his pocket. While he was pitching some hay into his barn, the fork hit his pocket and he was blown up. A correspondent says: "He was an expert at blasting, and had become careless from constant use of dynamite."

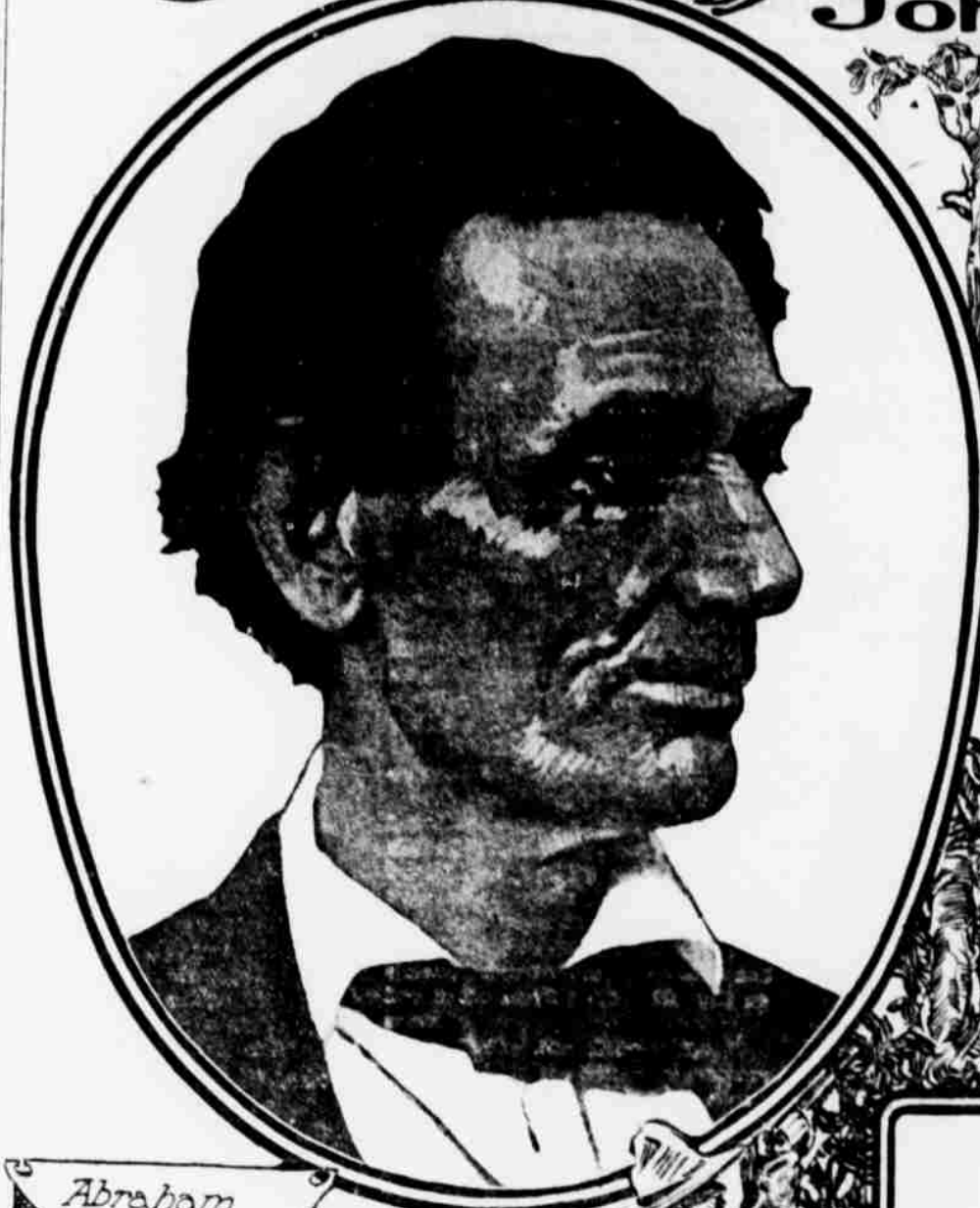
The police claim to have arrested the "Spanish prisoner" in New York. But it will make little difference as far as saving victims is concerned. Fools in this world are so eager to be parted from their money that almost any kind of easy trick will do it. The length of time which the "Spanish prisoner" swindle has existed and flourished, in spite of repeated exposures, shows this. Other Spanish prisoners will arise, and after all, it makes no real difference to the dupes who gets their money.

All criticisms of the weather man for presenting the country with such a mild winter have been recalled. There was nothing the matter with his style of winter weather; he had plenty of it, but simply concentrated.

Enterprise does not tag in New Jersey. A grave-digger there was recently fined for selling liquor in the cemetery to mourners at funerals. This unique method of offering consolation to the grief-stricken, with profits to the consoler, was promptly nipped in the bud.

Early Conspiracies Against Lincoln

by John W. Nicholl



Abraham Lincoln



ABOUT the middle of August, 1862, Company K of the One hundred and fifth Pennsylvania volunteers, known as the "Bucktail" regiment, of which I was a private, was detailed as a bodyguard of President Lincoln and continued in that capacity until his assassination in the spring of 1865. During the three years of my stay in Washington, the most critical period of the nation's history, I saw and heard many things that have never found their way into the public prints. Some of the bodyguard were constantly with the president and his family, whether at fashionable levees, receptions to foreign legations or private interviews. At all such functions we were silent spectators of all that took place. We were always treated with the highest respect by the Lincoln family, who regarded us as a part of the household. Every private of the guard received the same attentions of courtesy as the most famous statesman or diplomat at the capital. We all formed a strong personal attachment for the president and when the grand old man laid down his life in behalf of the cause that had been his life work we felt as if we had lost the dearest friend we ever had.

During the first two years of our term of service the most rigid discipline was enforced. Sometimes we would be ordered to use extraordinary vigilance and to let no one enter the grounds of the White House without the proper passes and to be very particular as to who approached the president. Often the order would come for the guards on duty to be doubled. It was seldom that he knew the direct cause of these extra precautions, but we supposed that the officers of the secret service were in possession of information of some plot that brooded harm to the president.

Up to 1864, owing to our vigilance and the protecting hand of Providence, our beloved chief had escaped the hand of violence. The back of the confederacy was broken, a good feeling pervaded all Washington and consequently the strict watchfulness that had prevailed grew into laxity. This was the fatal period, for it was at this time that conspiracies were hatched and confederates overran the city, comparatively unmolested. The president and family spent the summer at the soldier's home, situated about three miles north of the city, and thither the bodyguard always accompanied them.

It was in the summer of 1864, while we were up at the home, that an incident happened that came very near culminating in just such an awful tragedy as followed only a few months later at Ford's theater. It was the custom of the president to remain late at the war department when anything of great importance was happening in the army, consulting with the secretary of war and transmitting and receiving dispatches, and after his work was finished he would ride out to the soldiers' home. That summer he had persistently refused an escort, imagining himself perfectly secure.

One night about the middle of August I was doing sentry duty at the large gate through which entrance was had into the grounds at the home. The place is situated about a quarter of a mile off the Bladensburg road and is reached by a devious driveway. About one o'clock I heard a rifle shot in the direction of the city and shortly afterward could hear approaching hoofbeats. In two or three minutes the horse came near enough so that in the dim moonlight I recognized the rider as the belated president. The horse, a

very spirited one, belonging to Lamont, the marshal of the District of Columbia, was Mr. Lincoln's favorite saddle animal and when he was in the White House stables he always chose him. As horse and rider approached the gate I noticed that the president was bareheaded. After I had assisted him in checking his steed the president said to me:

"He came pretty near getting away with me, didn't he? He took the bit in his teeth before I could draw the reins."

I then asked him where his hat was and he replied that somebody had fired a gun off down at the foot of the hill, which scared his horse, and the lurch of the animal toppled his hat off. I led the horse to the cottage where the president and his family was staying. There he dismounted and went in.

Thinking the proceeding a little strange, a corporal and I started in the direction from which the report of the gun had been heard, to investigate. When we came to the place where the driveway meets the main road we found the president's hat—a plain silk hat—and on examining it found a bullet hole through the crown of the crown. The shot had been fired upward and it was evident that the person who had fired it had secreted himself close to the roadside. We listened and searched the locality thoroughly, but to no avail.

The next day I gave Mr. Lincoln his hat and called his attention to the bullet hole. He unconcernedly remarked that it was put there by some foolish gunner and was not intended for him. He said, however, that he wanted the matter kept quiet and admonished us to say nothing about it.

The next fall, after we had taken up our winter quarters at the White House, a conspiracy to kidnap the president was unknowingly frustrated by us. Had the truth of the affair leaked out at the time it doubtless would have created great excitement. Our quarters were immediately in front of the south porch of the Executive Mansion, a position which placed us at about equal distance from the treasury building on the east and the war and navy building on the west.

For reasons at the time unknown to us we were ordered to move our guard tent and place it at the west end of the gravel walk, directly in the rear of the war department. While we stayed there nothing occurred to arouse suspicion. Shortly afterward we learned, however, that on the very night after we had moved the tent the confederates had a plan laid to capture the president. The conspirators were to hide in the shrubbery and when the president came along

the walk they were to seize, gag and carry him across the river into Virginia. Thence he was to be taken to Richmond or some other Confederate stronghold, where he was to be held as a hostage. The members of the bodyguard always supposed that the conspirators were frightened away when they saw our guard tent and abandoned the plan of kidnapping.

Not long after the attempted kidnapping another episode took place, which afterward was found to have been planned by a band of assassins who made their headquarters in the city. Bourke, the veteran coachman, who had served at the White House through Pierce's and Buchanan's administrations and thus for into Lincoln's was taken sick and compelled to be off duty.

Immediately a stranger, who represented himself as an experienced coachman from Baltimore, applied at the White House and was employed as coachman. From the first he was domineering and after a few weeks became so important that he was discharged and Bourke reinstated. One night shortly afterward, just about dusk the discharged coachman was seen sneaking around the stables by some of the guard. The stables had been locked for the night and it was not supposed that he could do any damage and consequently the men who saw him did not go to the stables. Presently the whole interior of the barn was found to be on fire. The guard was called out and by dint of great exertion we saved the president's coach and team, but Tad Lincoln's ponies and Col. Hay's carriage team perished in the flames.

The plan was to have this man fire the stables and thus to distract our attention. During the excitement some of the conspirators were ready to rush into the White House and murder the president, but instead of remaining in the house Mr. Lincoln ran out among us and thus in all probability frustrated another attempt at assassination.

What makes this appear more likely now is the fact that, after the incendiary was arrested he produced several witnesses, who later found employment at Ford's theater, to testify that he was down in the city during the whole of the evening. These were the persons who doubtless planned the final conspiracy that brought the great benefactor to the grave.



Mrs. Lincoln

THE WONDERFUL

Has Proved Itself a Wonderful

The Wonderful of the marvelous garden of Luther Burbank, John Lewis Child, Seedman of Florida, proved a great success. Thousands of people is the best thing that has happened to the country. Mr. John Burroughs, author, Naturalist and Theodore Roosevelt, says it is the most delicious pie berry and a marvelous cropper. A Director of the New York State Agricultural Experiment Station says it is a godsend, and fruits abundantly even in pure North-west. It is a godsend, and fruits frost has killed most garden. D. S. Hall, Wichita, Kan., people grew it there last year perfect satisfaction.

K. S. Enoch, Hammond, it yields \$250 worth of acre with him. Mrs. J. H. 4732 Kenwood avenue, Chicago, enough berries on a space to supply herself and friends. J. P. Swallow, Kenton, Ohio, equal for all purposes does not Rev. H. B. Sheldon, Pacific Cal., says he likes the berries in any and every way. W. T. Davis, Enoch, Va., true to description in every fruit in three months from Judge Morrow, of U. S. Court, says the Wonderberry delicious raw or cooked.

Mr. Childs exhibited one months old bearing 10 1/2 which measured about eight Mrs. Hattie Vincent, Hay Mexico, says it stands the droughts of that climate abundantly all summer. It is certainly the most garden fruit and the greatest ever introduced.

People Realize the Danger As an indication of the crusade against tuberculosis, the National Association for the Prevention of Tuberculosis, bulletin issued recently points out that while 53.5 per cent of expenditures for tuberculosis were made from public appropriations made for 1909, that over 75 per cent of that to be spent this year will be from state, city and county funds. Out of the \$1,150,625 the prevention and treatment of tuberculosis, \$1,262,750.83 from public money, and from funds voluntarily for the carrying on of and municipal tuberculosis 1910, over \$9,000,000 have been appropriated. Of this sum, the states have granted \$4,100,000, the municipal and county bodies \$500 and the federal government \$1,000,000.

Why His Mother Mourns William M. Fugarty has about a good old Irish woman who was about to start for around the world. She had watched him prosper pride. To her he was a great man in her fond vision she could see all sorts of terrible tidings coming to him but she held her peace until he had started for the journey. Then she began to cry. A neighbor tried to console her, but to no avail. "I'm afraid he hasn't the money to get back," said the mother, weeping. "He's got the money to go round the world all right, but how will he ever get back?"—Indianapolis Star.

Loved to Death. "Did you ever know a girl to die for love?" "Yes."

"Did she just fade away and die because some man deserted her?"

"No, she just took in washing and worked herself to death because the man she loved married her."

GET POWER. The Supply Comes From Food.

If we get power from food, why not strive to get all the power we can. That is only possible by use of skillfully selected food that exactly fits the requirements of the body.

Poor fuel makes a poor fire, and a poor fire is not a good steam producer. From not knowing how to select the right food to fit my needs, I suffered grievously for a long time from stomach troubles," writes a lady from a little town in Missouri.

"It seemed as if I would never be able to find out the sort of food that was best for me. Hardly anything that I could eat would stay on my stomach. Every attempt gave me heartburn and filled my stomach with gas. I got thinner and thinner until I literally became a living skeleton and in time was compelled to keep to my bed."

"A few months ago I was persuaded to try Grape-Nuts food, and it had such good effect from the very beginning that I have kept up its use ever since. I was surprised at the ease with which I digested it. It proved to be just what I needed."

"All my unpleasant symptoms, the heartburn, the inflated feeling which gave me such pain disappeared. My weight gradually increased from 98 to 116 lbs., my figure rounded out, my strength came back, and I am now able to do my housework and enjoy it. Grape-Nuts did it."

A ten days' trial will show anyone some facts about food. Look in pkgs. for the little book, "The Road to Wellville." "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.